THE TRAGEDY OF MONOMOY BEACH

by CLARKSON P. BEARSE, SR.

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of

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THE GRAVEYARD OF THE ATLANTIC

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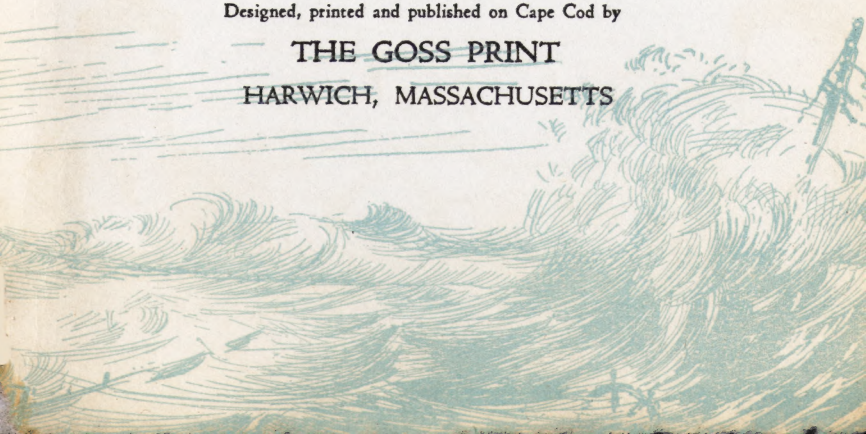


Introduction

This will introduce to our readers, the author, Clarkson P. Bearse, Sr. He is a native Cape Codder and lives in a peaceful typical Cape Cod home in Harwich Port. In fact he is Postmaster of the Harwich Port Post office.

He was a former member of the Coast Guard Station which figured in the Monomoy disaster. Due to an injury received in the line of duty he was unable to report for service, or otherwise he would have been another victim rather than the author of this thrilling story of the sea.

For many years he retained the facts about this world famous tragedy, second only in importance to the Portland disaster. His modesty caused him to refrain from telling the story until his friends finally prevailed upon him to fill in at a Grange lecture hour one night. Then Kiwanis listened to him and was thrilled. Then other organizations sought his thrilling story. We know he will thrill you, too, as he paints his vivid word picture.

No living person can tell this story like

Mr. Bearse. This tragedy of the sea is only one of hundreds of ship wrecks which have made these shoals known as "The Graveyard of the Atlantic" all over the world. We are proud to present this copyrighted edition for your reading pleasure.

The Publishers.

CLARKSON P. BEARSE, SR,

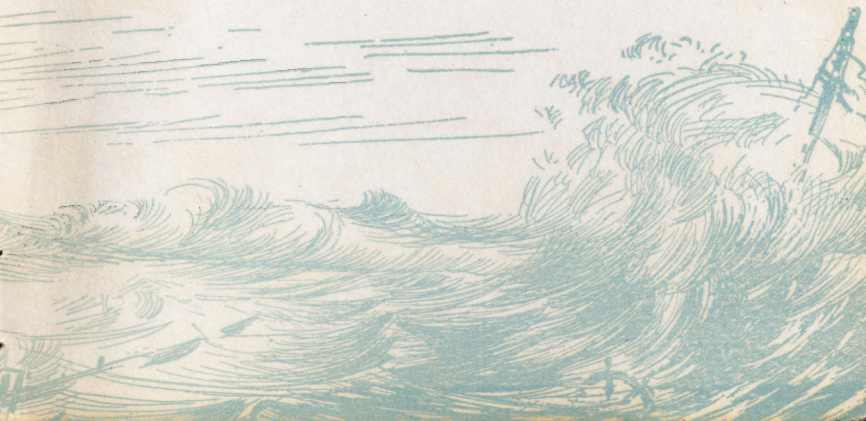
An Appreciation

For the historical sketch which decorates each page in this book we thank Wendell Rogers, the Chatham artist. His generous contribution has added much to the historic as well as to the artistic value of the book.

For the accuracy of the Honor Roll of the Town of Chatham as of August 1, 1943 *we are indebted to Town Clerk Levi Denson.*

The American Legion of Harwich, Cloyde Pate, Commander, is also due official recognition for their sponsorship of the Harwich Honor Roll.

The Publishers.



THE TRAGEDY of MONOMOY BEACH

or

THE GRAVEYARD of THE ATLANTIC

CHAPTER I

I was born and brought up on Cape Cod. To me it is the only place on earth. In olden times, in times gone by, people away from here had the idea that Cape Cod was a narrow strip of land extending off into the ocean, consisting of sand dunes and fish shanties. But in recent years there has been a radical change in the opinion people have had about Cape Cod. Now they are looking at Cape Cod as it really is. The automobile, the chamber of commerce, boards of trade, and other advertising agencies have opened Cape Cod wide, and it has been explored from one end to the other by thousands and thousands. Now some of these people are prophesying the future of Cape Cod, but they are not only prophesying the future of Cape Cod but they are delving down into the past — down into its past records and past history. Recently, almost within the year, they have gone down forty-one years and have come up with the

old Monomoy Disaster. Sometimes they come into the post-office and question me about the disaster. I not only have to admit that I had been associated with those men who were lost, but was familiar with the disaster itself, so I have been telling them and all others who were interested by an address. I appreciate the privilege of addressing so many distinguished gatherings.

It was the seventeenth day of March 1902, when the news spread — and it spread like wildfire all over — not only over the towns of Chatham and Harwich, the two towns most directly affected by the disaster, but over the surrounding towns and all over Cape Cod, for that matter. Women ran from one house to the other, telling the news — men congregated on corners, in stores and elsewhere, discussing the news. The report was that every surfman on the old Monomoy Lifesaving Station, with the exception of one, had been lost. They had perished off the back

side of Monomoy Beach in the tide rips and the seas. In telling the story, I have entitled it, "The Tragedy of Monomoy Beach or the Graveyard of the Atlantic."

Eight miles down from Harwich is the town of Chatham. Everybody knows that Monomoy Beach extends off from Chatham — off into Nantucket Sound in a southerly direction something like ten miles. It is approximately two miles wide, and is composed wholly of beach sand, a growth of beach grass, occasionally a brush swamp, and a few meadows. Its topographic makeup is sand dunes and hollows, hollows and sand dunes, all sizes and shapes, and the sand continues to blow and shift. Today there is a sand dune, tonight a dry gale of wind, tomorrow a piece of level ground. Today there is a piece of level ground, tonight a sand storm, tomorrow a hollow. So it is, year in and year out. The sand continues to blow and shift.

Monomoy Beach is bounded on the east by the broad Atlantic, and the seas — the seas — the seas roll in from an expanse of three thousand miles and break and pound and roar upon the strand in an unbroken line. Sometimes I tell my friends if they desire to

see the ocean in its raw, if they desire to see those seas that roll in from this tremendous expanse and break and pound and roar upon the strand, if they desire to see the tide rips that break and boil and foam, if they desire to see the lightships off in the distance guiding the shipping down over the shoals, if they desire to see the tide as it sweeps out of Caleb's Bay and meets the ocean and produces those tremendous tide rips down there on the end of Monomoy Beach or Point Rip — if they desire to see all this, I suggest that someday in an easterly gale they take a trip down on Monomoy Beach- way down to Point Rip, and there they will see the ocean in its raw. Then, in good weather, look off and see the shoals — the shoals that extend way across to Nantucket cut down through here and there by false and major channels, and the tide-rips, hundreds of them breaking and boiling and foaming — the same shoals and the same tide rips that turned the Mayflower back three

hundred and twenty-one years ago. They are there today.

In the days gone by, in the olden times, the back side of Monomoy Beach was rightly called the "Graveyard of the Atlantic." Why? Because more ships and more schooners grounded and pounded themselves to pieces and washed upon the beach — more men lost their lives and their bodies strewn along the back side of Monomoy Beach than any other like locality in all the world. Why, fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred years ago did our fathers brand the back side of Monomoy Beach the "Graveyard of the Atlantic?" Because of episodes like this that follow. This is but one episode, all others were similar.

CHAPTER II

Now come with me, if you will, to a country home somewhere, some place, in some land. Standing in the open doorway of that home is a mother and her son, the son a splendid speciman of physical manhood standing beside his mother, his hand resting on a sailor's clothes bag. That morning the mother had packed that clothes bag until it was full with warm stockings, warm mittens, warm underclothes, warm shirts, warm blankets, and everything a young sailor required. She was saying to her boy, "Now, Jimmy, you are going away to sea. You are going to stand on your own and I want you to be a good boy. As your mother, I'm concerned over your welfare. Your success is my life, your joys are my joys, and your sorrows are my sorrows. As your mother, I want to know where you are and how you are getting along. So I want you to promise me above all other things that you will write me from every port. Now

you're going out to face the world and experience life itself, and whatever happens I want you to be a man. Keep away from the saloons and the bar-rooms, and leave the booze alone. Remember the fate of your father — Booze, the damnable stuff called booze. From the time it issues from the poisonous coils of the distillery until it empties into a sea of crime, degradation, despair and death, it pollutes every substance and, in a measure, weakens every man, woman, and child who comes in contact with it. As your mother, I am asking you to leave it alone." He answered, "Yes mother I am going away to sea. I am going to stand on my own and I promise you upon my word of honor that I will write you from every port. Now I'm going out, as you say, to face the world, and whatever happens I intend to play the part of a man. So far as possible I'll keep away from the saloons and bar-rooms and leave the booze alone." He picked up his clothes bag, threw it over his shoulder as young men did of yore, went down the path to the road and down the road until he came to a bend in the road. He stopped and looked back. His mother was still standing in the doorway. She waved

her boy good-bye. He waved his mother good-bye, went around the bend in the road and was gone, and gone forever, leaving his mother still standing in the doorway.

That was sixty years ago. Sixty years ago ninety per cent of all the freight that went north and south, east and west, along the Atlantic seaboard went by water and ninety per cent of all the freight that went by water went under sail. This was the old sailing days and there was a tremendous fleet of those freighters or coasters as we called them, all rigs, sloop rigs, two-masted schooners, three-masted schooners, four-masted schooners, brigs and barks. Anyone who knows anything about the old sailing days knows that it was almost an impossibility to beat down over Nantucket Shoals when the wind was to the east or north as it is so often here on Cape Cod. They would anchor as far back as Menemsha Bight, Tarpaulin Cove, Vineyard Haven, and Woods Hole. They would anchor

down off Falmouth, down under the breakwater at Hyannisport, down under the breakwater at West Dennis, and whereever there was an anchorage you would see those schooners tied up, anchored, waiting for fair wind. At last it would come, the wind would breeze up from the west. Then they would hoist their sails and anchors, get under way, and start out down over the shoals. You would see them coming — sometimes hundreds of them — -with their white sails showing like clouds against the blue sky. In those days the only outlet going down over the shoals to the east and the north was the Pollock Rip Slew, a channel between two shoals. Moored at the entrance of the Pollock Rip Slew was the old Pollock Rip Lightship, number 47. It was the duty of the crew of a lightship in those days to count and log the shipping that went one way and the other over the shoals. The Old Pollock Rip Lightship, number 47, had the record of having counted and logged in her log book over five hundred sails in twenty-four hours going and coming down over the shoals. They would come down over the shoals, pass out through Pollock Rip Slew, and head up the back side of the Cape for their destinations.

CHAPTER III

So this day, sixty years ago, the wind was to the westward and schooners were passing through Pollock Rip Slew all day. At sunset that night the head of the fleet was up off the highlands. From the highlands down to the tip of the end of Monomoy Beach, they were scattered along. At dark the wind had died away to a dead calm. At nine o'clock that night the wind breezed up to the northeast. At twelve o'clock there was a living gale of wind with snow sweeping down across the back side of Cape Cod and Monomoy Beach. Whatever became of that fleet of schooners that passed over the shoals that day nobody knows. How many of them were that far advanced that they rounded the Cape and reached their destinations—how many of them shortened sail and jogged off into the channel and saved themselves — how many of them turned back and tried to get down through Pollock Rip Slew into smoother water — how

many of them went ashore on the back side of Cape Cod and Monomoy Beach — how many of them founded on the spot, nobody knows. But the next day the back side of Cape Cod and Monomoy Beach was strewn with wreckage. Remember, sixty years ago there were no telephones connecting one station with another, so the news leaked down through to the old Monomoy Lifesaving Station, Captain William F. Tuttle of Harwichport, either by gunners or by fishermen, that there had been some terrible wrecks off the back side of Monomoy Beach and Cape Cod, and to look out for bodies. So every surfman who stepped out of the threshold that night was warned to look out for bodies.

The first watch down to Point Rip from 8 to 12 was a man by the name of Almond Wixon of Dennisport. He was walking down the "Bend," halfway down from the old Monomoy Lifesaving Station to the old Monomoy Lighthouse was a bend in the beach they referred to as "The Bend", so walking down the bend that night he saw an object washing in the surf. A sea would break, run up the beach, and the object would roll over and over; the sea would recede and the object

would roll back. In telling the story, Almond Wixon admitted that for a minute he had the jitters, but he waded in, kicked the object, and it was nothing but a bunch of seaweed rolled up in the shape of a man, washing in the surf. He went on five minutes more — ten minutes more—then he saw another object in the surf. This time a sea would break, run up the beach, the object would roll partly over, the sea would recede, and the object roll back. Wixon wasn't concerned this time for he said to himself, "It's nothing but another bunch of seaweed." So he waded in again and kicked the object. As he did, he had the sensation of kicking an old decayed pumpkin. Remember that in those days they never carried lanterns so he bent way over and looked, and, there at his feet was a dead man washing in the surf. Poor Almond Wixon, standing there that night at nine o'clock, two miles from the Station with a dead man washing at his feet! Thirty-seven years after he perished

in the sea himself as one of the crew of the ill-fated Cross Rip Lightship which was torn from her moorings by drifting ice, floated off into oblivion and was never heard from again.

Previous to this, a surfman found a body in the surf and hastened away to the station for help. When they returned, the body had floated away and was lost. After that, the orders were that whenever you found a body in the surf, before going for help, to haul it up over the high-water mark. So Almond Wixon bent over, turned the dead man on his back, put his hands down under his armpits, raised up, and as he did, the dead man fell against his stomach. In that position he walked backwards — up, up, over the beach, up over the high-water mark, and laid the body down. He hastened away to the station and notified Captain Tuttle. The captain, in return, called out every surfman and put them out on the beach to hunt more bodies. At daylight they had found four. They found two to the north of the station, and two to the south. Then the orders were to assemble those bodies over on the inside, on the bay side, ready to take them across to the mainland. The two they found to the north of the

station they took over on an improvised stretcher. With two men carrying a stretcher, they went over the sand dunes, down the hollows and through the sand, ankle deep. The two they found to the south of the Station they pushed over in a pushcart, wheels with wide tires, over the sand dunes, down in the hollows, and through the sand. At last they were assembled on the inside.

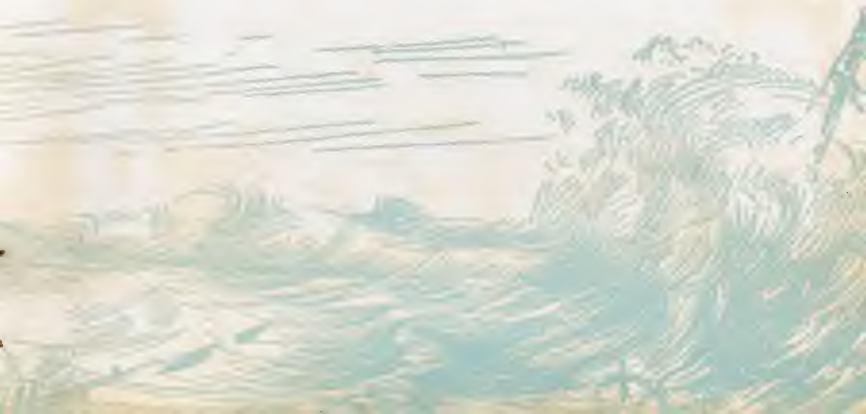
Sixty years ago there were no automobiles coming and going down the beach with semi-flat tires, as there are today. The only way those men could get across to the mainland in winter was in dories. So they loaded the bodies into a thirteen-foot dory, two in the bow and two in the stern. A surfman named Bearse took the forward thwart, and Captain Tuttle himself took the after thwart, and they started for Harwichport. It was the intention of Captain Tuttle that morning to take those bodies across to Harwichport because he lived there. He intended to deliver

them to the medical examiner and the undertaker and then go home and spend a few hours with his family before starting back. After they started, the wind breezed up to the west. The sun rose in the east and the wind increased from the west until there was a strong westerly wind. Heading up for Harwich Port, they could make no headway so they eased her off a bit to make headway. In two hours and a half they arrived in Deep Hole, South Harwich. They landed at the foot of Deep Hole Road with the bodies. What a predicament they were in! Sixty years ago there were no automobiles, no telephones, no bicycles — only a few men owned horses. In order to contact the medical examiner and the undertaker, it was necessary to walk. Captain Tuttle left the bodies in charge of surfman Bearse and started for the undertaker, who at that time was a man named Levi Long, who lived on Long Road in the house now occupied by Jeffrey Delorey. From the undertaker's, Captain Tuttle walked up to Harwich Center. At the corner of Main and Bank Street where the gas tanks of Mr. Mulcay are now there was the office of the medical examiner Dr. George N. Munsel.

From there he walked down by schoolhouses, down Forest Street to Harwichport, down Sea Street to his home. He was late and had but a short time to stay. Then he walked back to South Harwich, down to the foot of Deep Hole Road. He and surfman Bearse launched the dory and, in a strong westerly wind, rowing in the trough of the sea which is the most difficult course to row in a heavy sea, they went back to Monomoy Beach. They landed below the station just before dark. I am telling you this part of the story to show you the tremendous energy of those men and I tell you men and women, too we'll have to cease our dissipation, we'll have to turn our backs to the sparkling highballs, we'll have to cease our late suppers and late hours if we intend to match the physical energy of those men of iron.

That very afternoon, not the next day or the third day, but that very afternoon with those mothers somewhere, someplace in some

land, still standing in the doorway, still waiting, still hoping, still longing for those promised letters that never, never came — that very afternoon those young fellows were buried over in South Harwich Cemetery, on the west side of the Cemetery something like ten feet in from the west fence. They were buried in boxes, common pine boxes, no caskets, no services, nothing but a simple prayer. At the head of each one of those graves was placed a marble marker. They are there today, almost concealed in the grass. They were placed there to protect, preserve, and perpetuate the identity of those graves. For over sixty years the remains of those young fellows, some mother's boys, have been resting there almost in the shadow of the church, unknown and unnamed, the victims of the back side of Monomoy Beach, once branded the "Graveyard of the Atlantic" because of episodes like this.



CHAPTER IV

Now we'll go back to 1902. Time had passed on. William F. Tuttle, captain of the old Monomoy Lifesaving Station had passed away, and Marshall N. Eldredge of South Chatham was now the keeper. In 1902 halfway down from Chatham to Point Rip stood the old Monomoy Lifesaving Station. Four miles from the Chatham Station, four miles from Point Rip, where it stands today discarded and deserted. There it stands today amid the sand dunes and the hollows, a grim reminder of the tragedy of Monomoy Beach. In 1915 the Life Saving Service was absorbed by the Coast Guard and today if a young fellow wishes to become a coastguardsman even though he has never been out over the surf in an open boat, he sends in an application. Then there is the physical and mental examination and if he obtains the required percentage, everything else favorable, he is accepted. Then there is a brand new uniform. But in 1902,

the captains of those stations had the privilege of selecting their own crew, and listen to me, they picked the very best, men who had been down to the sea in ships, men who had served their time on the Grand Banks, on Quero, and on George's stormy shoal, men who had been called out of their bunks in the dead of night, men who had crawled aloft ratline by ratline during dark stormy nights and smothered topsails, men who had weathered the gales of winter on the Atlantic sea board. With due respect to the coast guardsmen of today, they are nice fellows, their duties are altogether different, they look fine in their new uniforms, but those men whose only uniform was their oil cloths and boots, flannel shirts and khaki pants, those men who had been down to the sea in ships, those men who had been over the surf in open boats, as surfmen, were the very best the world produced. In 1902 the old Monomoy Lifesaving Station was manned with that caliber of men. It was the duty of a lifesaver to patrol the beach, protect property, and save lives. Their watch started at sunrise and ended at sunset. From sunset until eight o'clock was what was called the "dog watch". Then the regular watch began.

Two men were called out of their beds, they dressed, went out down to the surf half-mile away and separated. One went north and the other, south. The man who went north went until he met the surfman from the Chatham Station. They exchanged checks, told a few stories, discussed the news of the day, and then started back. The one who went south went down to Point Rip four miles away where there was a little shanty. In that shanty was a board seat and, hanging on the wall, was a telephone connected to the station. Nailed to the side of the wall was a chain and a key. He punched his time clock with the key that was nailed to the wall and started back. The two men met below the station at twelve o'clock. They went in, called two more men who dressed, went out down to the surf and separated. One went north and the other, south. So the watch continued.

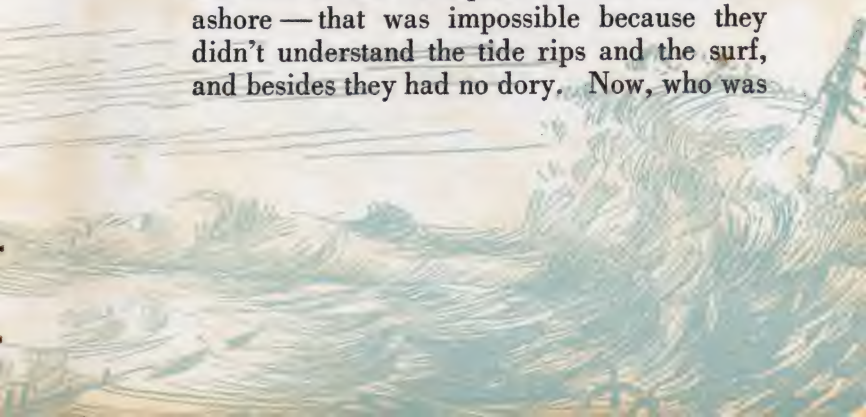
Now the tragedy develops. It was on the fifteenth day of March, 1902. A tow was

coming down over the shoals, a tug boat and two barges. The outer barge was called the "Wadena", the inner barge, the "Fitzpatrick". Coming down over the shoals in the fog and mist, the captain misjudged his position just a little and was too far in. The tide running in swept the barges onto Shovelful Shoal and they grounded hard and fast. To clear up the situation and untangle the mess, the tug boat signalled the "Wadena" to let go her hawser. After a time the "Fitzpatrick" was floated, towed off into the channel in deeper water, anchored to await further orders. Because the tug boat could be of no assistance to the "Wadena" hard and fast on the shoal, because of shoal water and treacherous tides, she steamed away to Hyannis to report to the owners and underwriters. Because of that report, the next day, the sixteenth, a Mr. Mack-William H. Mack, the agent and part owner of those barges arrived at Monomoy Station and requested Captain Eldredge to put him aboard the "Wadena", Captain Eldredge and his crew launched their lifeboat, took him aboard, went down on the inside, on the bay side, out around Point Rip, across the channel, and

put him aboard his barge. They came back, secured the lifeboat, went up to the station, and established a watch, and the time wore on. As time wore on Captain Eldredge sensed there was bad weather coming. Remember in those days, they had no radio to give them advanced information about the weather, they had to judge for themselves. Captain Eldredge judged there was bad weather coming and he was concerned because he felt responsible for those men aboard the barge without protection. So, in the afternoon, he mustered his crew, launched the lifeboat once more, went down on the inside around Point Rip, across the channel, went alongside the barge, climbed aboard, went down into the cabin and talked with Mr. Mack. He advised him about the weather and urged him and the crew to come ashore and stay at the station until better weather. But Mr. Mack replied, "No, I refuse to desert my barge. It is nice and warm down here in the

cabin, we have plenty to eat, and plenty to drink. She is laying very quietly here on the shoal and we will stay aboard." After a while, Captain Eldredge and his men went back. They loaded the lifeboat on the gears, shoved her into the boat-house, closed the door, went up to the station, and re-established their watch, waiting for night.

But in the late afternoon the watch reported to Captain Eldredge that there was a dory going out of Powder Hole, now Powder Hole is a small boat harbor down on the inside of Monomoy Beach. So the watch reported that there was a dory going out of Powder Hole with one occupant. Since it was their duty to know what was going on they watched this dory as it went out around Point Rip. It headed off in the direction of the "Fitzpatrick" anchored off in the channel. It went way off alongside the barge. They saw the man climb up over the rail and disappear down in the cabin. Now the question was "Who was the man?" It wasn't any of the crew of the "Fitzpatrick" who had been ashore — that was impossible because they didn't understand the tide rips and the surf, and besides they had no dory. Now, who was



that man? Just before dark it was seen that the men had hoisted the dory up to the davit, indicating that he was going to stay all night. The man of mystery! Why did the man of mystery leave the Powder Hole? Why did he leave a warm fire and row out in the face of an incoming gale to spend the night aboard the "Fitzpatrick"? The man of mystery! But, don't lose sight of the man of mystery. He proved to be a hero in the tragedy which is about to transpire.

That was the picture at sunset that night, the "Wadena" hard and fast on Shovelful Shoal with Mr. Mack and four men aboard. The "Fitzpatrick" anchored off in the channel with her crew and the man of mystery aboard. Darkness settled down over Monomoy Beach and, as predicted by Captain Eldredge the storm came on. It was a southeast gale with rain. The seas rolled in from that tremendous expanse and pounded upon the shore. The surfmen went their distance, down to Point Rip, punched their time clocks, and back.

CHAPTER V

ONE of the rules of the service was that at daybreak the morning watch should go up into the lookout and see if anything had transpired during the night that hadn't been seen. The next morning, the morning of the seventeenth, this was the fatal day, the watch reported to Captain Eldredge that he couldn't see the "Wadena". In fact he couldn't see the end of his beat. It was another one of the rules that if you couldn't see the end of your beat because of thick weather, it was your duty to dress up, sailors called it dressing up when they put on their oil clothes and boots, and go down until you could see. So the watch was preparing to go when Captain Eldredge changed his mind for some reason or other and said to the watch, "Never mind. You stay where you are. I'll dress up and go and see how it looks down at Point Rip." He put on his oil clothes, boots, and sou'wester. He went down to the surf and headed south for Point Rip four miles away. The lookout watched him as he went and after a while he slowly disappeared in the mist. Before Captain Eldredge was promoted captain of the old Monomoy Lifesaving Station he had

been a surfman for twelve years, for twelve years he had patrolled the beach, night and day, in all kinds of weather. But this morning as he went down, this morning as he disappeared in the mist, he was taking his last walk. He was walking his last mile. In an hour and three-quarters he arrived at the little shanty but he couldn't see. So he went way down to the end of the beach, climbed up on a sand dune, and looked off. At first he couldn't see, but after a while, there came a rift in the mist. Then he saw. There was the "Wadena" still hard and fast on the shoal, the rift widened and then he saw, there in her rigging was the American Flag, union down, a signal of mutiny or distress. In every great tragedy, in every great disaster, there are men sitting at home beside the fire who offer criticism. Men criticized Captain Eldredge because he went out at that particular time when the tide was running to the windward kicking up a nasty treacherous sea, but we

must remember that there wasn't a cowardly cell in the make-up of Captain Eldredge. If anything, he was too courageous. There was the American Flag, union down. To him, it was "go" rather than be branded a coward forever or impeached for insubordination. The American flag union down, he had no alternative, it was go even though he knew he was going down into the valley of the shadow of death, he hesitated not a minute. He hastened over to the shanty, called the station, got the number one man on the wire who happened to be Seth Linwood Ellis of Harwichport. He said, "Ellis, the "Wadena" has her colors in the rigging. We are going off. Launch the small boat, come down on the inside. I will walk over across and you can pick me up." Men have criticized Captain Eldredge because he ordered the small boat. At that time the old Monomoy Station had but two lifeboats. One, called the small boat which was kept down in the boat house on the inside just above the high water-mark. The other was called the large boat built right up to date at that time. They kept her in the boat house connected with the station, something like a half-mile from the water.

Captain Eldredge knew that it would be a tremendous task to launch the big boat, haul her down over the sand dunes down in the hollows and through the sand, especially when they were short-handed. So, influenced by the American Flag union down, to save time he ordered the small boat. Seth Linwood Ellis, obeying the orders of his superior, launched the small boat. They went down on the inside and as they went down, they saw Captain Eldredge standing way out on the beach. They went in as close as they could and Captain Eldredge waded out, climbed aboard, and took the steering oar. Seth Linwood Ellis took the after thwart, shipped his oar, and they were ready to proceed. But before they proceed let's look at the boat. This was a lapstreak boat. Suppose you live in a clap-boarded house, turn it upside down, throw in about ten or fifteen feet of water, and jump in and try to save yourself, by clinging to those clapboards with

a half inch margin, three inch space, and half inch margin. When that boat was bottom up, the only thing they had to cling to was those half-inch margins.

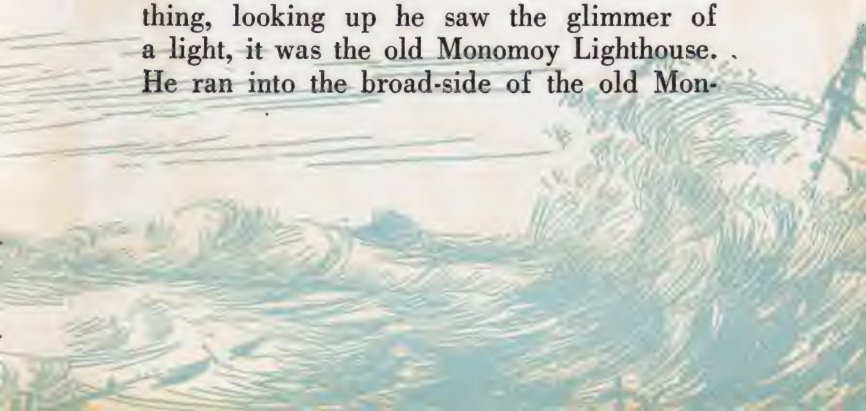
Who was in the boat at the time? We may as well know because their names are engraved on the granite monument down by Chatham Light. That monument is going to be there a long time and when we read those names we want to know what it was all about. There was Arthur W. Rogers of North Harwich. A typical Cape Codder, he stood six feet tall, weighed 185, was married, and had one child. There was Valentine D. Nickerson. He was a twin, he had a twin brother by the name of Charlie. He stood six feet tall, weighed 185, and was hard and wiry. He lived at the junction of Main Street and Great Western Road in the depot section in a house now occupied by the family of Joseph Munroe. He had a wife and four girls. Osborne F. Chase. He was a short thick-set man. He had been a surfman a long time, he was very capable and dependable. He lived at the corner of South and Main Streets in the depot section a short distance from Valentine D. Nickerson. He had a wife and

three girls. Next Elijah Kendrick, the youngest of them all, was born and brought up on Gorham Road in South Harwich in a house now owned by Edward N. Johnson. At the time of the disaster he lived in Harwich Center opposite the ball-park. The house has been moved away. He was married and had a boy and girl. Then there was Edgar C. Small of Harwich Center. The counterpart of Valentine Nickerson, hard and wiry, he was born and brought up on the Harwich-Chatham Road in a house now owned by a man by the name of Harry Young. He had a wife, son and daughter. Seth Linwood Ellis who lived on Freeman Street in Harwichport, stood six feet, weighed 190, and had a wife and son. In his younger days he was noted for his dogged determination, physical stamina and perserverance. He was the only surfman who went down to Point Rip the night of the Portland Blizzard and returned.

CHAPTER VI

THE first watch down that night from eight to twelve was Osborne F. Chase. At eight o'clock he stepped out into that raging, smothering storm and disappeared. At twelve o'clock he hadn't returned.

The watch from twelve to four was Seth Linwood Ellis. Captain Tuttle called him out. He put on his oil clothes, boots and sou'wester, strapped his time clock on his back and stepped out into the storm. That night part of the beach was flooded, so he walked up in the center of the beach. He went down in the darkness and the storm guided by the tremendous roar of the surf, and in the utter darkness he missed the little shanty. He heard the surf roaring all around him so he knew he was down on the end of the beach. He went back a little way, found the shanty, punched his time clock, and started back. The wind was blowing from sixty to eighty miles an hour with a smothering, blinding snow storm and it was so dark that it was impossible to see a thing. After a while he ran into something, looking up he saw the glimmer of a light, it was the old Monomoy Lighthouse. He ran into the broad-side of the old Mon-



omoy Lighthouse and didn't see it. He edged out by it and started up in the teeth of the wind, following the roar of the surf. Unless you have been there you cannot imagine the tremendous sickening roar of the surf combined with the shrieking of the wind in a storm like the "Portland Blizzard." When the roar became deafening, Ellis would edge inland. When the roar deadened, he would edge back. So he worked his way up the beach. Many years beforc surfmen complained that in stormy thick weather they had trouble finding the station and sometimes went by it. So they took some weir poles, dug them down in the sand about ten or twelve feet apart extending from the station down to the high water mark. This made a land mark, but even then men sometimes would go between the poles and not see them. Coming up the beach that night, Ellis ran into one of these poles, followed them up to the station, and went in. Captain Tuttle took

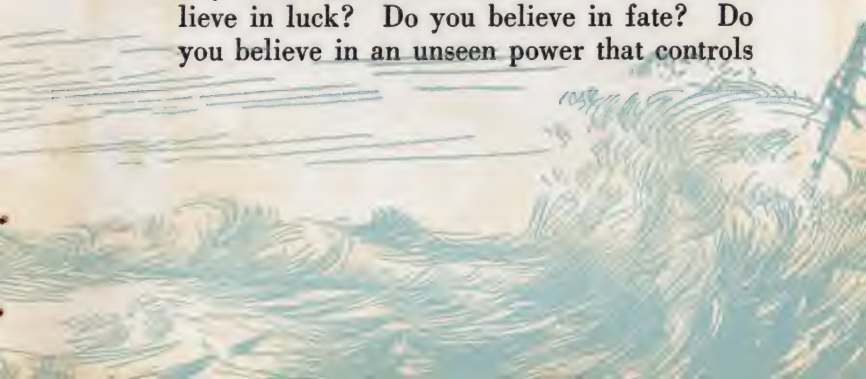
off the face of his time clock and looked at it. It proved that he had been down to Point Rip, punched his time, and returned one hour late. That was Seth Linwood Ellis. Osborne Chase never returned until well after daylight. He got lost — lost all sense of direction and wandered around the beach all night with out finding the little shanty that had the key to his time clock nailed to the wall.

In the summer of 1887 Seth Linwood Ellis sailed out of Gloucester with Captain Hanson Joyce, mackerel seining. For the first time Captain Joyce went in a steamer instead of a sailing vessel as was the custom in those days. He carried two seine boats and two crews. He appointed Ellis captain of one boat, and he himself took the other. One morning about five miles off Highland Light they sighted a school of fish. Captain Joyce sent Ellis out after them in his boat. He saw the fish, jockeyed into position, and gave the order to go ahead and start throwing. In those days whenever a seineboat went out for a school of fish it was always trailed by a dory. When they started throwing the seine the dory would pick up the end and wait until the boat came around, then pass the end

to the boat, making a complete circle. The captain stood in the extreme end of the boat on a raised platform, steering with an oar. Captain Ellis was a powerful man. Circling the school of fish that morning he gave an extra hard pull on the oar and it broke. He fell over backward, splash, into the sea. The men in the boat stopped rowing, intending to back and pick him up. He came to the surface, shook the water out of his face, and shouted "Don't stop, go on around the fish, never mind me." The men obeyed, the seine boat circled the fish the dory passed the end to the boat, then went back about half a mile and picked him up. Even today we don't understand how he kept afloat with a pair of rubber boots and oil petticoat on. But that was Seth Linwood Ellis. Don't lose sight of Seth Linwood Ellis in the struggle that is about to follow.

CHAPTER VII

THEN there was Isaac T. Foy of South Chatham. He was of average height and was that handsome that the women called him the "Handsome Surfman." He was married, but had no children. Before Isaac T. Foy, I was a surfman on the old Monomoy Lifesaving Station. One disagreeable stormy day off on the shoals assisting a stranded schooner, I was severely injured almost fatally. For over two years I fought against that thing called death, and at last I won. It was one of the rules of the service that whenever you were disabled, you were kept on the roll for a year. At the end of the year, if you didn't come forward with the required physical percentage, you were dropped from the service. So I was dropped from the service. Of all the men who applied for the position they selected Isaac T. Foy. Without a doubt — without a doubt if it had not been for that injury I had received, I would have been with those men in the boat that morning, and Isaac T. Foy would have been elsewhere. Do you believe in luck? Do you believe in fate? Do you believe in an unseen power that controls



the destiny of every human being like you and I? We have the right to believe as we will but over forty-one years have passed along since that fatal day and here I stand telling you the story. But where, oh where is Isaac Thomas Foy. Pay attention to this tragedy as it develops and see the end — the tragic end of the man who took my place and carried on.

Then there was Captain Marshall N. Eldredge of South Chatham. A giant in stature, standing over six feet tall, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, hard as nails, he was the toughest surfman who ever patrolled Monomoy Beach. He was so tough that he went barefooted in the cold sand until the first of December. In the early spring and fall, he wouldn't wear oil clothes but said that he would rather be wet than bother with them at all. He had a wife and three children. Those were the men in the boat that morning.

They were all ready. Captain Eldredge gave the orders to go ahead. It was the last of a southeast storm the tide was running to the windward kicking up a nasty treacherous sea. They went around the point and headed into the rips. Some of the rips they went around; the smaller ones they went through. So they worked themselves along slowly but surely. At last they arrived at the barge safely. They threw the painter aboard, and it was made fast. Captain Eldredge saw Mr. Mack standing on deck. He hailed them and said, "Mr. Mack, you've got your colors in the rigging. What's the trouble?" Mr. Mack said, "We had an awful night last night. The wind blew and those seas rolled in, and we pounded and thumped on the bottom until we thought we were going to pieces. We were afraid and still are and we want to go ashore." Captain Eldredge replied, "That's all right, but we're not coming aboard. It's too rough. Throw a rope over the side and lower yourselves down." So they came down, one by one, and the captain placed them in the bottom of the boat in a safe place. He put three of them on the platform at his feet, the other he put on the thwarts outside the oarsmen.

They pumped out the boat and everything was ready. Captain Eldredge gave the order, "Cast Off. There was no-one aboard to cast off so Osborne F. Chase, the bowman, cut the painter and as he did her bow fell off, a sea came rolling around the lee quarter, caught the boat under her bilge, and shoved her ahead. As she went out from under the lee of the "Wadena" the tide caught her under the weather bow and she drifted off in the trough of the sea. Before the men could get control of their oars, a sea broke over in the bottom of the boat. Those men from the barge, the very men they were trying to save, if they had only known — why one of the first lessons you are taught when you go out over the surf in an open boat in a rough sea is to sit down, the lower the better, and no matter what happens, if a sea breaks over and wets your feet, take your medicine but sit still. But when that sea broke over and wet their feet they all jumped up, interfered

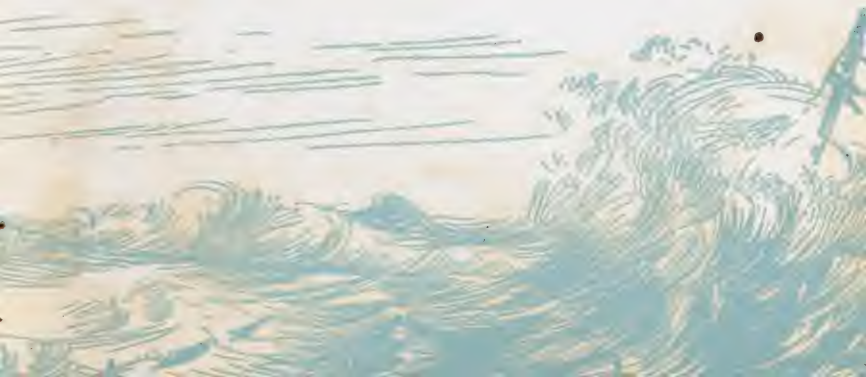
with the oarsmen, and then they couldn't row. The boat drifted off into a rip, another sea broke over, and filled her half full. Then all was confusion. She drifted into another rip, another sea broke over her, another, and still another. Down she went, turned over, and came up floating bottom up. Every man struggling in the sea. Captain Mack and his men never had a chance. In five minutes they all were engulfed by the seas, except one. One young boy, a colored fellow, was clinging to the bow of the boat. He was so afraid that he turned yellow, and the whites of his eyes bulged right out of his head. A sea came rushing along, broke over him, and washed him off. He gave a terrible scream, threw up both hands, and went down to join his companions who had gone a few minutes before. Now the surfmen — every man for himself, no orders, no discipline, every man struggling and fighting for a position on the bottom of that up-turned boat. At first they all got a hold. Osborne F. Chase was clinging on the bow where the young colored fellow had just been washed off. A sea came breaking and tearing along, it caught him in its grasp, he lost his hold and drifted away,

the first to go. Captain Eldredge, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, weighted down with his oil clothes and boots, was fighting amidships. He was grabbing and clutching at those lapstreaks. A sea broke over, caught him in the face and chest, and washed him off. He grabbed again but he was short and went drifting off in those rushing, roaring rips. The next, Elijah Kendricks, if anyone had told me that the crew of the Monomoy Station would be lost with the exception of one and asked me who the one would be I would have said without any hesitation, "Elijah Kendricks". He was an athlete from the word go he excelled in all sports, in running, jumping, baseball, skating and swimming. He was a regular waterdog in his day, but was rendered helpless by the carelessness of another. When that boat left the shore that morning, laying on her thwarts was a sail. It was a mutton leg sail used in times of emergency. When the

wind was fair the men would sail instead of row. It was a rule that the sail should be lashed to the thwart. Someone neglected his duty because that sail came floating out from under the boat, right up under Kendricks. He struggled and kicked to free himself but his feet became tangled up in the halyards and main sheets. With this added weight, he couldn't hold on. He grabbed and clutched at those lapstreaks but his fingers slipped. He sensed his doom, threw himself over on the mast and boom, floated away and was never seen again. Now five men left, five men still fighting and struggling for their lives, five men still clutching and clawing at those lapstreaks. She drifted into another rip this was the largest of them all. It was on the shoalest part of Shovelful Shoal. That morning on Shovelful Shoal the seas were breaking and pounding, hissing and foaming, roaring and crossing, a combination of sand and water, five men still clinging on, Arthur W. Rogers, Valentine D. Nickerson, Edgar C. Small, Seth Linwood Ellis and Isaac T. Foy — five men fighting for their lives — she drifted into this rip and was completely submerged. What happened nobody

knows. It was a fearful tragedy, an unseen drama. When she drifted out on the other side in a smoother sea there were only two left. Isaac T. Foy wasn't there. Isaac T. Foy perished in those breaking, pounding seas on the shoalest part of Shovelful Shoal. When she drifted out on the other side in a smoother sea there was only two left. Arthur W. Rogers was clinging to the bow of that boat waterlogged and exhausted. He was that exhausted he could hardly raise his arms. Seth Linwood was lying across the bottom clinging on with the grip of death. She drifted into another rip a sea came swashing along and washed Arthur W. Rogers amidships he grabbed and clutched at those lapstreaks but couldn't hold. A sea washed him still further, he sensed his doom, with a supreme effort he threw himself upon the bottom of that boat and grabbed again, his fingers slipped a sea washed him off. He sank, a few bubbles and he was gone forever.

Now Seth Linwood Ellis alone on the bottom of that boat fighting for his life. His dogged determination, physical stamina, and perserverance had just begun to assert themselves. All the others had perished, but he had commenced to fight. He kicked off his rubber boots, he tore off his oil clothes, his jacket vest and trousers, intending as a last resort to swim for the shore. Then he was washed up on the crest of a sea and looking over saw the "Fitzpatrick" and going down over her side was a dory; sitting on the thwart of that dory was a man, then Ellis remembered; — the man of mystery.



CHAPTER VIII

ABOARD the "Fitzpatrick" that morning the Captain and the man of mystery were down in the cabin, talking and smoking. The man of mystery seemed to be nervous and fidgety, something unusual for him. He would walk the floor, then sit down, then he would walk again. At last he went up on deck and looked around, as he did he saw an object floating in the rips. He took the spyglasses and looked to make sure. Then he said to the captain who was standing near, "In those rips is a boat bottom up and clinging to the bottom is a man. Launch my dory." The captain said, "No. Your dory wouldn't live in those rushing rips." He was a sailor, not a surfman and didn't understand the possibilities of a thirteen foot dory when handled by an expert. He looked around. The man of mystery had gone. He ran across the deck to his dory jumped up on the rail and said to some of the crew standing around,

"Lower away." They "lowered away" until the dory hit the water. He unhooked the tackles, shipped his oars and started out in the direction of the object. Going in the direction of the object took him almost in the trough of the sea. As he went under the lee of the "Fitzpatrick" he took the whole force of those seas. He looked up and there was a sea forming and hissing, ready to break. He turned, took in the bow, and went over safely. Off again in the direction of the object, another sea rising and breaking, he turned, took it on the bow, and goes over safely. And so on and on closer and closer, slowly but surely. In the meantime, Ellis, on the bottom of the boat, was taking awful punishment. The seas were breaking and pounding down upon him with tremendous force. They would wash him off this side, he would crawl back, they would wash him off the other side, he would crawl right back. With dogged determination, physical stamina and perserverance, he clung to the bottom of that boat like a spider to a wall. He went up on the crest of another sea and looked for the dory. This time the man of mystery had worked the dory way up to the wind-

ward. He didn't intend to lose that man on the bottom of the boat. This time he came running down on the crest of a sea. When you are running on a crest of a sea like that it is suicide to try to stop or try to turn this way or that. Let the sea have her, but keep her steady. For remember that every sea at last spends itself. So this time he came running down on the crest of a sea and went right by within four or five feet. It was an anxious minute for Ellis. But, as he went by, Ellis recognized him, it was Elmer Mayo of Chatham, an expert surfman, one of the very best. The sea at last spent itself and in the lull that followed, Mayo backed right back up to the boat. Ellis grabbed hold of the gunwale, hauled himself over, slid to the bottom of the dory, and they started for shore. Another fight, another struggle with the seas, seas that were running and breaking mountain high, seas that lifted them like a cork to their foamy crest. Seas, running

seas that took them in their grasp and carried them ahead like frightened deer until they fell back into the trough of another. Ahead of them the surf was still pounding, and breaking and roaring upon the shore. At last they arrived at the surf. Mayo looked along for an opening, but those seas were still running in from an expanse of three thousand miles, still breaking and roaring upon the strand in an unbroken line. What a position, what a spot — two human beings being in an open dory in those rushing, raging seas. They jockied for position waiting for the right sea — the third sea. When seas are running like that, there are always two large ones and then a smaller one. The third sea is always smaller than the two which precede it. God made it so and surfmen since time immemorial have taken advantage of the third sea. So Mayo was jockying for position waiting for the third sea. At last it came hissing, foaming and roaring. They were in proper position. With a roar, it broke directly under their stern and taking them in its grasp carried them ahead up, up onto the beach. Mayo jumped out and held the dory. The sea receded. Seth Linwood Ellis stepped out

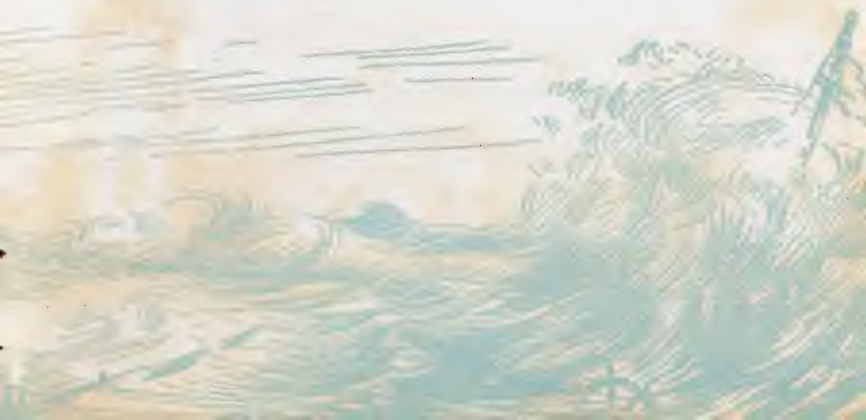
onto the cold sand, barefooted. Nothing on but his underclothes. There he stood, Seth Linwood Ellis the lone survivor of the Monomoy Disaster. He told me many times that he grew to manhood an absolute teetotaler, never using tobacco in any form. With those temperate habits and an outdoor life, he built up a physical constitution which produced for him a physical superiority that won for him that day the battle with the seas, when all others perished. He then and there became noted the country over as the lone survivor of the Monomoy Disaster. In time he was promoted captain of the old Monomoy Lifesaving Station, and sometime later the United States Congress recognized his victory over the sea and presented him with a Congressional Medal.

So it is — those men who were lost and the one who was saved are simply samples of the men who, in former days, were the backbones and stability of Cape Cod — Cape

Cod which has always played an honorable part in the history of the state of Massachusetts. When Massachusetts derived her sustenance from the ocean, Cape Cod produced her quota of the men who went down to the sea in ships. At one time she was the very womb: the very cradle of fishermen and sailors, the best the world produced. She gave to the sea her best blood, the energy of her youth, and the counsel of her old. The salt waves of the sea have been the shroud, and the surges of the sea the funeral knell of many of her brave men. But now all is changed. In the bays, the harbors, and the inlets where once the ships, the brigs, the barks, the schooners, and the sloops swung proudly at anchor, the waves now ripple in silence and sadness.

Thus ends the chapter of the "Tragedy of Monomoy Beach, or the Graveyard of the Atlantic."

FINIS



For God And Country

The story of *The Monomoy Disaster* must impress all readers with the sturdy character of the men who went down to the sea in ships in former days, when Cape Cod was a haven of sea Captains and rugged men of the sea.

As we dedicate this book to these men of steel we present as a closing tribute, the defenders of American freedom and liberty of the present day. The following men and women of Chatham and Harwich are now serving the colors in the various branches of the armed forces and the Honor Roll is complete as of August 1, 1943. We salute each and every one and may God grant them a safe return.

CHATHAM HONOR ROLL

Allison, Clarence E.
Allison, Ralph J.
Allisno, Robert F.
Atwood, Wallace G.
Baker, Cyrus F.
Baker, Edward M.
Baker, Winsor C.
Bassett, Benjamin H.
Bassett, Herbert E.
Bassett, Ivan E.
Bassett, Ralph M., Jr.
Bassett, R. Stanwood

Bearse, Frederick H.
Bladen, Charles K.
Bladen, J. Lawrence
Bladen, Walter C.
Bloomer, Harvey W.
Brent, Arthur T.
Brown, Elinor
Brown, Robert H.
*Brown, Robert Scott
Buck, Robert C.
Buck, William E.
Buckley, Daniel L.
Buckley, Robert W.
Coombs, Kimball H.
Corrigan, Thomas J.
Courtnell, Paul W. A.
Cowan, John M.
Crosbie, James K.
Dean, Robert J.
deBettencourt, Nelson
Deer, Wendell H.
Devlin, Frederick A. 3rd
Doane, Oscar W., Jr.
Doane, Wilmer B.
Dubis, Oliver
Durkee, Alfred L.
Edwards, Melville B.
Eldredge, Eleanore F.
Eldredge, Harold C.
Eldredge, Harrison R.
Eldredge, Kenneth F.
Eldredge, Leo
Eldredge, Lester F.

Eldredge, Sullie N.
Eldridge, John A.
Eldridge, Richard A.
Eldridge, Robert E.
Eldridge, Shirley A.
Eldridge, Wilbur S.
Eldridge, Willard A.
Ennis, Gresham, Jr.
Ennis, Thomas
Enos, Lawrence F.
Erb, Harry N.
Farrenkoph, Leo G.
Farris, Robert C.
Farris, William H.
Fiebelkorn, Otto A.
Fiebelkorn, Walter C.
Forgeron, Harry
Freedman, Samuel S.
Freethy, Everett W.
Gilbert, William J.
Gilchrist, Norman S.
Gleason, Ralph F.
Glendon, Richard J., Jr.
Gleason, James F.
Goodspeed, Prince E.
Gould, Alton L.
Gould, Chester G.
Griffin, Wayne A.
Guild, Margaret E.
Gustavus, George T.
Gustavus, Roy
Hallett, George F.
Hammond, Francis E.
Harding, Edmund F.
Harding, Everett G.
Harding, George K.
Harding, Maurice H.
Healy, James M.
Healy, Joseph A.
Henderson, Irving C.
Herron, Andrew G.

Herron, George R.
Hewit, Helen G.
Hewit, Norton M.
Hewit, Rodham
Hibbard, George K.
Hogg, Theodore B., Jr.
Hopkins, Edward Walter
Hopkins, Henry P.
Hopkins, Hilliard E., Jr.
Horne, Charles W.
Horne, Donald S.
Horn, John B.
Howes, David Elmer
Howes, Edward G.
Hutchings, Earl
James, Howard W.
James, Roland W.
Jerauld, James W.
Johnson, Robert E.
Johnson, Russell M.
Jones, Robert H.
Karr, Paul W.
Kelley, John W.
Kelley, Joseph C., Jr.
Kelsey, Richard C.
Kendrick, Leo E.
Kidder, Edwin H.
Krenn, Adolph J., Jr.
Lake, George E., Jr.
Lane, Charles A., Jr.
Larkin, Elroy M.
LeFave, Stanley J.
Long, Herbert L.

Lorraine, William R.
Love, Eugene V.
Love, Merrill F. V.
Love, Walter V.
Loveland, Theodore S.
MacLean, George S.
Madsen, Eric
Marquit, George E.
Martel, Leo V.
Masaschi, Frank
Matheson, Robert C.
Matteson, Robert N. S.
McDonald, Harold J.
McGinn, John J., Jr.
Meyer, Russell A.
Newcomb, Alvin E.
Nickerson, David K.
Nickerson, Edmund J.
Nickerson, Harold L.
Nickerson, John H.
Nickerson, Joseph A., Jr.
Nickerson, Joseph W.
Nickerson, Lyman W.
Nickerson, Philip G.
Nickerson, Ralph H.
Nickerson, Raymon W.
Nickerson, Weston, Jr.
Nickerson, Willard H., Jr.
Northup, Tharold C.
O'Brien, James A.
Oliver, Nathaniel W.
Peterson, Magnus B.
Pierce, Warren A.
Reynolds, Richard P.
Raymond, Richard A.
Ragan, Ross O.
Robbins, Victor E.
Roberts, Paul B.
Robinson, Forrest D.
Rogers, Donald C.
Rogers, Eli F., Jr.

Rogers, George V.
Rogers, William H.
Rollins, Benjamin F.
Rollins, Franklin D.
Ruggles, Stanley E., Jr.
Saley, Earl D.
Sampson, Elmer B., Jr.
Satcher, Samuel L., JJr.
Sears, Cletus C.
Sears, William B.
Shaw, Lincoln G.
Sherwood, Leslie F., Jr.
Sibley, Henry B.
Simmons, Harold N.
Slavin, Richard W.
Slavin, Thomas, Jr.
Small, Robert F.
Snow, Edwin H.
Speight, John LeRoy
Speight, Joseph C.
Speight, LeRoy C.
Speight, Robert W.
Steadman, Robert C.
Strickland, Lloyd A.
Swan, Robert C.
Sylva, Edward
Sylva, Edward S.
Sylva, Richard R.
Taylor, Edwin W.
Thurston, George C.
Tripp, Edwin E.
Tucker, Edward A.
Tucker, William G.

Turner, Walter W.
Valliere, J. Leon
Wight, Frederick S.
Worthing, Louis B.
Wright, Alvin H.
Young, Albert F.
Young, Orick D.
Young, Donald R.
Young, Walter C.
Weinz, William E.
Wheldon, Frederick E.
Whilly, Arthur G.
Wholly, Arthur T.

In Merchant Marine

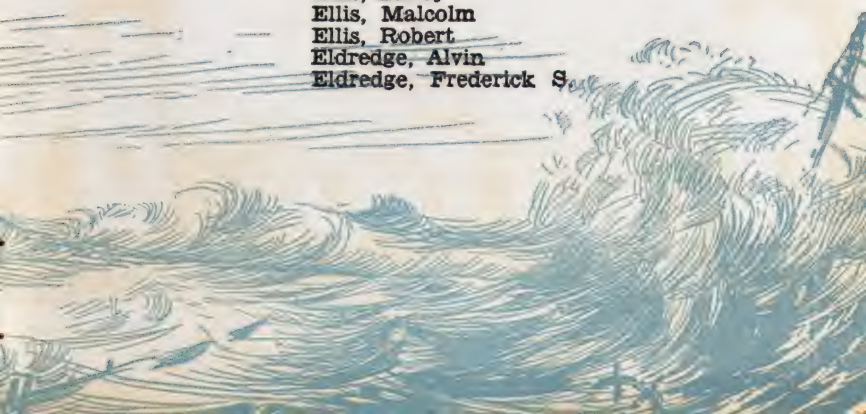
Buckley, John E.
Dill, Reuben T. H.
Dudley, Walter E.
Hammond, Walter I.
Kendrick, Lewis B.
Lewis, Norman
Lewis, Raymond W.
Matteson, Kenneth N.
Sherman, J. Walter
Speight, Carl W.
Swenney, Chester

HARWICH HONOR ROLL

Allen, Guy
Almedia, J. Peter
Almeida, Januario
Antone, Charles
Appleton, Phillip
Armstrong, Robert
Arsenault, Oscar

Baker, Channing N., Jr.
Baker, Joseph
Barber, Sydney
Barrett, Bradford L., Jr.
Barrett, Donald
Barrows, Frank
Bassett, Allen
Bassett, Arthur H. L.
Bassett, Benjamin
Bassett, Donald
Bassett, Howard
Bassett, Wallace
Bates, Bernard
Bates, Donald
Bates, Robert
Bee, Norwood
Borden, Perry A., Jr.
Borden, Robert
Bradford, Herbert
Buck, Dudley, Jr.
Buck, Lawrence, Jr.
Cahoon, Arthur S., Jr.
Cahoon Joseph A, Jr.
Cahoon Orville
Cahoon, Oscar
Cashen, Ralph H., Jr.
Cashen, Ralph W., Jr.
Cashen, Warner B.
Celano, Joe
Chase, Albert K., Jr.
Chase, Courtney
Chase, Earl
Chase, Ray

Chase, Richard
Chase, Roscoe, Jr.
Chipman, Edward
Chipman, Harold
Clark, Franklin
Coulson, Arthur
Coulson, Wallace
Crabe, Raymond
Crabe, Thomas
Crabe, William
Crowell, Fred
Crowell, Frederick W., Jr.
Cummings, Ernest
Cummings, J. David, Jr.
Cummings, Robert
Cunningham, William
Curtis, Robert
DaLuze, Walter
Davis, David
DeMello, Peter
Dickerson, William
Doane, Arthur P., Jr.
Doane, Edwin
Doane, George
Doane, Linwood
Downey, William F.
Doyle, William
Duffie, Harold
Dugan, David
Egan, Thomas
Ellis, Arthur, Jr.
Ellis, Calvin
Ellis, Charles
Ellis, Edward
Ellis, Everett H.
Ellis, John A.
Ellis, LeRoy
Ellis, Malcolm
Ellis, Robert
Eldredge, Alvin
Eldredge, Frederick S.

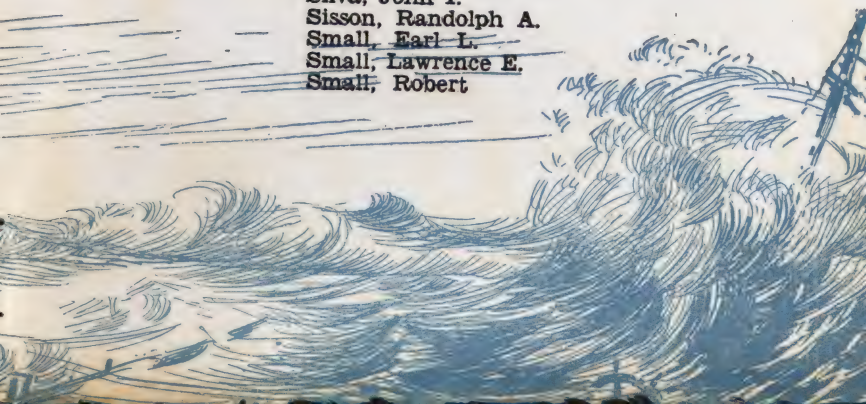


Eldredge, Harold F.
Eldredge, Maurice M.
Eldredge, Walter A.
**Eldredge, Watson B., Jr.
Eldredge, Webster U., Jr.
Farham, Eric
Farr, Frances
Farr, Maurice G.
Fennell, Daniel
Fernandes, Joseph
Fernandez, John Stanley
Fiebelkorn, Otto
Fletcher, Russell
Fosdick, Fred
Fosdick, Oliver
Frost, Leo
Galvin, Edwin
Galvin, Joseph
Gardner, Emerson
Gardner, Irving
Goldman, Morris
Gomes, Henry I.
Gomes, Jesse
Gomes, Leslie
Gonsalves, Frank
Gonsalves, Fred
Grant, Edwin K., Sr.
Grant, George L.
Grayson, Raymond
Hall, Alan
Hall, Albert J.
Hall, Charles A.
Hall, Donald Eugene

Hall, Marcus B.
Hall, Emulous, E., Jr.
Hall, Priscilla
Hall ,Roland
Hall, William Russell
Hartig, Charles Stewart
Hill, Priscilla Hall
Homer, Lorin L.
Hopkins, Hillard, Jr.
Hunt, Warren
Hunter, Lawrence A.
Hunter, Francis T.
Ingraham, David
Johnson, Richard
Joy, Gerald F.
Joy, Stanley R.
Kanis, Harry
Keen, William
Kendrick, Edward A.
Kershaw, William, 3rd
Lake, Ernest C.
Larkin, Daniel J., Jr.
Larkin, Francis B.
Larkin, James R.
Larkin, Marguerite
Lawley, Barbara
Lawley, George, Jr.
Lee, Derek A.
Lee, George
Lee, Humphrey A.
Lee, LeRoy
Lee, Rigby A.
Lee, William D.
Lombard, Charles J.
Lombard, Frank
Lombard, Joseph, Jr.
Long, Ralph
MacIntosh, Malcolm
Matthews, Kendrick
McBreen, Andrew
McCommick, Harry

McKenney, Dana
McKenney, Leland
McKinney, William
McRae, Wallace
Megathlin, Robert H.
Miller, William A.
Moody, Sidney B.
Nichols, Carmi
Nichols, Charles
Nichols, Francis
Nickerson, Clifton L.
Nickerson, David
Nickerson, Edmund
Nickerson, Hugh
Nickerson, Joseph, Jr.
Nickerson, Raymon
Nye, Roswell, Jr.
Nunes, Anthony S.
Nunes, Howard J.
Nunes, John
Nunes, John J., Jr.
Nunes, Norman
Oles, Eugene
Orton, Edwin H.
Orton, William R., Jr.
Ostby, G. Norman, Jr.
*Paine, Robert
Palm, Howard
Palm, Leo J.
Pena, Eugene
Pena, Louis
Pena, Manuel C.
Pena, Rufus

Perry, Joseph C., Jr.
Peters, Clarence C.
Pratt, Charles S.
Radway, Albert
Ramsey, Curtis
Raneo, John
Raneo, Wallace
Redding, Jay D.
Reynolds, Minot
Reynolds, Thelma
Robbins, Lawrence F.
Robinson, Wayne
Roderick, Bernard
Roderick, Edmund
Roderick, Edwin
Roderick, John P.
Roderick, Lester
Roderick Moses P.
Rogers, Palmer A.
Rose, Henry
Rose, John, Jr.
Rose, Joseph
Rose, Nathaniel
Rose, Paul J.
Rose, Raymond
Rose, Raymond M.
Rose, Snow
Ryder, Almond, Jr.
Ryder, Mervin E.
Ryder, Roland
Sabin, Donald
Sabin, Howard
Saley, Ralph
Schlosser, Alois A.
Scott, Quinton
Siebenmann, Marshall, Jr.
Silva, John I.
Sisson, Randolph A.
Small, Earl L.
Small, Lawrence E.
Small, Robert



Small, Rodman
Sorenson, Carl
Speakman, Horace B.
Speakman, Ray
Stalker, Donald
Stetson, Russell W., Jr.
Storer, Orville
St. Our, Fred
Straughn, Norman
Symmes, Richard M.
Symmes, William A.
Taylor, John J.
Thayer, John
Thayer, Robert
Thompson, Biddle, Jr.
Thompson, Edric S.
Turney, James G.
Vagenas, William
White, John A.
Whitehead, Walter, Jr.
Whiteley, Robert A.
Whileley, Walter Vernon
Whittemore, Earl
Williams, John Roger
Williams, William
Willson, Harold, Jr.
Winston, Eugene H., Jr.
Winston, Robert
Young, Donald
Youngren, Leo

* missing in action
** dead